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Mrs. Burr. Porter

233 Commonwealth Avenue

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Chas Mc Intire
Cambridge



In Memoriam

LEODEGAR MARIA KINSKY

Sans peur et sans reproche

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1892

KF 16713



"But if I am to be found worthy of remembrance, let me be remembered as one, who in a sad night of selfishness, of gloomy ignorance and savage bigotry, was prescient of the flaming morning-break of divine light—as one who deeply sympathized with his fellow-men, and felt a proud and profound conviction of their perfectibility—as one who devoted himself to the amelioration of his kind by the destruction of Error and the propagation of Truth."—[*Capt. Kinsky's favorite Quotation.*]

In the war, we are told by those who knew and served with him, he was a perfect soldier,—punctilious and exact in discipline—virtuous, thoughtful and devout of life—courtly in manner, and heroic in danger and suffering. Without attaining high rank he had won great consideration from all who knew him—he had seen the consecrated cause steadily approaching its triumph—when, in the storm of that infernal crater before Petersburg, he received a wound that in a moment's time changed his life and doomed him to perpetual helplessness and pain.

After the war he disappeared from the sight of his American friends, in search of restoration from his wounds in foreign lands. Then fortune, before ample, failed him; and he returned to the country which he had served, now no longer in hope of health, but of subsistence. Shame to say, he found no different chance with us, not that our country is ungrateful, but because men so quickly forget; and he was no man to insist upon his right to recognition, nor had he to do with politicians. So he lived, in uncomplaining solitude and poverty, doing with simple dignity, whenever pain left him a moment's freedom, such work as he could obtain for his cultured mind to do. In his darkest hour, fate relented a little. A happy accident discovered him to an old friend, and his last days were made as lovely and joyous to him as his dreams of peace could ever have fashioned during all those tortured years.

I saw him during this Indian Summer of his life. A tiny, wasted frame supported on two canes—a large head, with high forehead and great clear eyes, wide apart, sunk deep beneath it; a sensitive mouth; lines that told of pain endured, and courage to endure, and intense pallor, that made this handsome, suffering face still more distinguished. Though his physical catastrophe was one's first thought upon meeting him, he himself seemed oblivious of it, and bore himself without obtruding it either for pity or praise. His manners were exquisite and unaffected—the politeness of a courtier, and the

sincerity of a man. His conversation was brilliant. He had traveled far—he had endured much—he had read widely, and thought deeply. His sympathetic and affectionate nature was open to the world, for love coming upon him at the close of his dreary life had singularly touched him; and slight courtesies brought tears to his eyes.

I met him but a very few times, and soon after, I heard of his tranquil death—but he left a unique and beautiful memory with me. We young men, born since Lincoln died, whose first political memories are of the shameful days of Grant's Presidency, and who view with trouble and alarm the resumption of political action by the survivors of the great-spirited army that put aside power when their work was done and went quietly back to their daily routine; the loot of the national treasury by men who choose to fling the memory of self-devotion away and to be paid in coin, like mercenaries: we are not deeply stirred by Memorial Day addresses, nor even tattered flags, nor the thin columns of stooping veterans on parade—for the greed of evil men obscures to us the glory of the brave.

Thus, as one, who, without recollection of the citizen army but saw what its survivors were doing, forgetting what its dead had surrendered and suffered, I had felt until I met this living memorial and martyr to it. Then, all of a sudden, the whole tremendousness of the sacrifice of those splendid fellows,—dead on a hundred fields, dying in hospitals and prisons and loathsome places, for us sleek and contented praters of to-day,—appeared to me in all its overwhelming grandeur; and in ministering, the little that I could, to this silent, uncomplaining sharer in that sacrifice, who for nearly thirty years had lived to testify in his battered person to its awful exigencies, I felt that I was somehow doing homage to the dead that I had never known and could not serve or thank.

L. MCK. G.

Orange, N. J., April 3, 1892.

CAPTAIN LEÓDEGAR MARIA GUSTAVE LIPP-KINSKY was born in Welky-Meseric, Austria, September 8, 1840. He graduated at the University Caroline of Prague, with honors, and entered the Military Academy of Vienna, graduating second in a class of two hundred and sixty as lieutenant of engineers in the Austrian Army. He took part in the Lombardy War, and was in the battles of Montebello, Magenta and Solferino, being brevetted major on the field of Magenta, by the Emperor, for conspicuous bravery, although then only a youth of nineteen.

During the winter of 1861-62, he came to the United States for travel and study, and established himself at Cambridge, for a special course at Harvard College. One evening he attended a war-meeting at Faneuil Hall. The meeting was apathetic, and the speakers failed in arousing interest, when suddenly this young Austrian sprang to his feet, avowing himself a foreigner and stranger, but offering his services, his life, if necessary, for the great and glorious cause of the American Republic. The effect, as described by an eye-witness, was electrifying. Fired by his burning enthusiasm, others eagerly rose and pressed forward, and the meeting ended in great excitement, of which the immediate outcome was the enlisting of forty volunteers, and the ultimate result to the maker of that generous offer, twenty-seven years of almost unparalleled suffering, the failure of many noble hopes and aspirations, and, after manifold trials and misfortunes, borne with wonderful fortitude and patience, death, in the prime of life—and that, just when life was once more opening before him, full of hope and promise.

One wonders if his course would have been the same, had he foreseen the suffering of those weary years. I think so. "His was a knightly soul, that burned at white heat."

But to return. Although offered a commission by Gov. Andrew, who from the first took a strong interest in him, he

declined it with characteristic modesty, preferring to serve as a private in his regiment (the 44th Mass.,) until he had "won his spurs on the battle field." On his return from his first campaign, the commission was waiting for him, and he became First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 56th Regiment, M. V. M., Col. Charles E. Griswold commanding.

He was then known as "the Little Adjutant of the Second Division," and was very popular both with officers and men. He took part in many battles, always distinguished by his courage and strict attention to duty, performing on one occasion a signal act of bravery, when, in command of a brigade, with the picket lines of the army drawn behind him, he was sent forward to capture some guns, in the face of the enemy, a duty from which it was not believed he would ever come forth alive.

On July 30th, 1864, in the "Mine" before Petersburg, Va., while with brother officers leading the forlorn hope in the action known as the Battle of the "Crater," he was dangerously wounded in the right hip—so severely in fact that he was not expected to live, and was mentioned in the despatches as mortally wounded; but his grit and pluck carried him through to apparent recovery, and after a few months' service as Post Adjutant of Camp Meigs, at Readville, he returned to active duty, being detailed on the staff of Gen. Griffin, and commissioned Captain in 1864. He served through the war and was mustered out at its close. While serving the country, and being at that time a man of fortune, he allotted his pay to charitable institutions of Massachusetts, never receiving a dollar for his services until, years afterwards, much against his own wishes, and in deference to those of his friends, he applied for a pension, obtaining a most insufficient one in September, 1891.

His recovery from his terrible wound was only illusory, and it soon broke out again with increased severity, his crippled condition obliging him to support himself with two canes when

he walked; but, as a friend writes of him: "I never knew a man accept physical weakness with such easy grace. 'Before my destruction,' he used to say, without a particle of false shame, or, on the other hand, without any desire to create admiration or pity for his wounds. The dignity and sweetness of his character impressed me very much."

He was seldom free from pain and suffering, spending more than eight years of his life in his room from that cause, and undergoing fourteen severe surgical operations, besides frequent outbreaks of the wound, followed by long periods of weakness and prostration.

Capt. Kinsky was a gentleman by birth, breeding and education. His intellectual acquirements were unusual and varied, his powers of observation keen, his character, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

What impressed one most, perhaps, was the spirit of knightly chivalry and honor that possessed him, unusual enough in this prosaic age and breathing the atmosphere of the Round Table, and that ideal company,

"Who revered their conscience as their king,
Whose glory was redressing human wrong."

Who that knew him will ever forget that eloquent face with its luminous eyes, so expressive of every emotion of his intense and eager nature? "He was the whitest-souled man I ever knew," said another man of him. "He had in him the blood of generations of soldiers, and their spirit possessed him like a living fire. Deeds of gallantry and heroism were but the natural expression of his character in action. Those who knew him in his early days, unite in speaking of him as the very beau ideal of a soldier. To this vivid, energetic personality came perhaps the greatest of all trials that can be borne by one of such a temperament, and how bravely and beautifully it was borne only the few who knew him intimately can tell. The shattered, wasted body—the burden of incessant pain—the chafe and fret of a proud spirit under

physical disabilities—all these were so controlled by his indomitable will and heroic patience, that few ever realized how much he suffered—how much he had endured. That bravery which shines in heroic deeds was his to a degree that made him marked among many brave men, but it is a question if a rarer, finer heroism was not manifested in the patient endurance and proud humility with which he accepted his lot." His nature was deeply religious. In spite of all his trials, nay, because of them, he kept his simple, unfaltering trust in God—*Foi de gentilhomme!*

" His not to reason why,
His but to do or die."

God's will was his will, and he lived in constant communion with Him.

To return to our narrative, which had brought us to the close of the war. In 1867, Captain Kinsky returned to Europe and remained there several years, sometimes, when his health permitted, taking an active part in affairs in Vienna, serving by special invitation on the General Staff of the Austrian Army—at other times traveling even to the far East, in search of health; but misfortune always followed him closely. He seemed one destined for the "white election" of suffering and disappointment, and finally, when the loss of his property followed that of health, he decided to return to the United States in search of the employment he believed due him from the country for which he had already given infinitely more than his life. He reached here in the Spring of 1889, and remained in Boston until the close of his life. Through the kindness of a friend, he had obtained employment in the Public Library, where his remarkable knowledge of languages could be brought into requisition and his work was at once fully appreciated. He was surrounded by sympathetic friends, "the withheld completions of life" seemed within his reach, and it was hoped that his dark days were over, and only brightness in store for him, when the end came. He died suddenly at the Hotel Huntington, November 8th, 1891, of aneurism of the heart,

and we may truly believe that no more loyal soul than his ever answered God's summons to instant surrender, for the motto of his race and house, "Semper Fideliter," had been the inspiration of his life.

His funeral services were held at the Chapel at Forest Hills, Bishop Brooks officiating and reading the Burial Service of the Episcopal Church, of which he was a member. His last resting place is in a friend's lot, a beautiful spot looking over at the Blue Hills, which he knew and loved so well. A bronze tablet in the rock behind his grave tells the simple story of his life, and above it, on the ledge, the sighing pines sing their sad requiem. The weary, suffering body is at rest at last, and as one looks over at the "dear, hopeful West," where the "days bury their golden suns," one blesses God for the certainty that the great, heroic, beautiful soul is going on "from strength to strength."

It is not easy for one who has been admitted to the privilege of intimate friendship with a nature so fine and rare as that of Captain Kinsky, to write calmly of him. When one remembers his great sufferings and wrongs, the heroism and beauty of his character and stainless purity of his life, his unquenchable spirit, and the tender, responsive, sensitive heart, open to every cry of distress, that would even rob itself, and gladly, if a more needy fellow-being could be succored, one cannot help questioning why he was so cruelly handicapped in life's race. And yet with him the spirit so dominated the flesh that even the misfortunes which seemed to set him apart from other men, fell away, and you felt that here indeed was one "who having nothing, yet possessed all things."

" And now he rests ; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife.
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life.
But round his grave are quietude and beauty,
And the dear heaven above,—
The fitting symbols of a life of duty
Transfigured into love."

March, 1892.

M. B. P.

It was in the Fall of 1863, when Gov. Andrew was organizing the so-called "Veteran Brigade of Massachusetts," and my friend Col. Chas. E. Griswold was recruiting the 56th Regiment that the latter introduced me to Lieut. Lipp, as he was then called, since known as Captain Leodegar M. (Lipp) Kinsky. Lieut. Lipp attracted me by his air of distinction, his soldier-like bearing, and especially by his refined and handsome face, earnest eyes, and courteous manners. I was charmed also, and perhaps a little amused, by his youthful enthusiasm in the cause in which we were enlisted, for among my old comrades of the Army of the Potomac whom I had just quitted, enthusiasm was regarded with incredulity. That was an army in which great sacrifices of life, disheartening losses, heroic but useless struggles and endurance, had ended only in retreats or absolute rout, or in what seemed fruitless and doubtful victories, and had produced the inevitable result of a "morale" marked by utter apathy and silent, stolid obstinacy.

In making up the roster of the 56th Regiment, Lieut. Lipp was assigned to my Company (F) with my full consent and approval, if not at my request. From this time dates an intimacy and friendship which has lasted through our lives. He was my tent-mate, mess-mate and constant companion. It is probable that I understood his character as well as any one now living, and what is here said of him is based upon personal knowledge and observation.

As to his previous history (he was not then more than twenty), I can write little. He was very reticent about his private family affairs, although he frequently spoke of his mother in terms of loving veneration. If I am not mistaken, she was then living in Cannes, and he wrote and received frequent letters from her. He confided to me the knowledge that for certain family reasons which he could not reveal without involving those who were nearest and dearest to him, he had, on arriving in this country, adopted as a surname one

only of the names belonging to his family and dropped his true surname. I never asked his true name, feeling that the gratification of such idle curiosity would be, perhaps, painful to him and of little use to me. Of his father he never spoke, except to say that he held high rank in the Austrian army. He told me, what I could well believe, that from his earliest years he had been familiar with soldiers, with camps and with courts; that he had been educated in a military school and was destined for the army; that he had held a staff appointment at the early age of sixteen; had served at Solferino, and was thrown from his horse and injured during that battle.

Up to that time I had never met a more perfect soldier than young Lipp, and although I have known many West Point graduates, men who had served in Mexico, or on the Plains of the West against Indians, as well as many citizen soldiers, who by study and work rose to rank and distinction in the army, I still regard Captain Kinsky as entitled to rank among the best, being a man whom nature and early training had made in every fibre a true soldier. There was nothing of pretence or affectation about his soldiership; it was ingrain, a birthgift improved by education. It was surprising to see how perfectly familiar he was with all the petty detail of a soldier's duty, matters of which I had acquired the knowledge by close application and study and more than two years of practice in camp-life and in the field. When, afterwards, he served in the Adjutant-General's department of the Brigade and Division, he was found to be perfectly familiar with the intricate detail of the office, and always to be trusted to discharge its duties thoroughly and exactly.

In camp he was strict and prompt in obedience, thorough in discipline, exact in performance. In the campaign, on the march and in bivouac, he was gay and cheerful; under hardship, wounds and privation he showed fortitude and endurance; and in battle his conduct was distinguished by splendid courage and indomitable persistence and energy.

In our life together I found that whatever he did was marked by thoroughness, exactness and promptitude. He aimed at the highest excellence. He was thoughtful, earnest and devoted to duty. He never engaged in frivolous amusements, and avoided trifling in word or act. It must not, however, be inferred that he was of a puritan type of character. Far from it. He was ardent in temperament, and had a vivid imagination which sometimes led him astray. He loved honor and justice, and was liberal and generous, while avoiding prodigality. His habits were those of neatness and system; he was temperate in eating and drinking. Nothing in his speech was ever ignoble or vulgar. He did not deck his person with rings or jewels. He carried the virtue of cleanliness to an extreme, not only in his outward person, but in his thoughts, his language and his tastes. In short, besides being a thorough soldier, he was a refined gentleman; always courteous and thoughtful of others. An air of dignity and pride was natural to him, but his temper was bright and gay and his manner cordial and unreserved.

He was fond of poetry, not caring so much for mere poetic style as for the higher flights of the imagination. His reading had been chiefly German, but he had a fair acquaintance with the best English literature. He possessed an excellent memory and a cultivated mind. He was master of several modern languages and of two Slav tongues, Russian and Czech (his native language). French he spoke as readily as English.

But it would be an inaccurate description of Lieut. Lipp that omitted to say that he was a devout Christian. The Bible, in his own tongue, was in his hand every day, and the English Prayer Book, also. Of these he never made any display, but chose moments of relief from duty, in the quiet of his tent, at night, before retiring, to give to reading and serious meditation. But his was no proselyting spirit, and he never imposed upon others his views on these subjects. Doubtless he felt that his youth gave him no warrant to instruct.

After the "Battle of the Wilderness," May 5th and 6th, 1864, we became separated by the chances of war, and the next time we met he was lying in the hospital at Portsmouth Grove, worn down by suffering and with a wound so serious that it seemed to be hardly possible that he could recover from it. Thither I had gone in search of him as soon as my own wounds were sufficiently healed to allow me to travel. I found him as cheerful, gay and hopeful as ever, and our meeting was a warm and affectionate one.

Of his after life, others can speak with more knowledge than I. Nothing can lead me to believe that his life belied the character I have drawn, or that he ever lost claim to my friendship, or did not merit this affectionate tribute to his memory.

Z. B. ADAMS.

To the Editor of the Transcript :

As a member of the Forty-fourth, I must express my deep appreciation of your eloquent and touching article on our lamented comrade, Lipp-Kinsky. I remember well the first time I met him in camp. His appearance was like a gleam of sunlight; and throughout the campaign, with its dangers and exhaustive trials, he ever shed about him the light of a cheerful spirit. He was very popular in the regiment, and was marked as a brave man, who had joined hands in our struggle for freedom. Associated with his name was the poetry of romance, and while he was the personification of modesty, his experience as an officer in the Austrian army, and his scholastic acquirements imparted to him an air which inspired respect. No class of men can size a man quicker than a soldier, and when I say that Comrade "Lipp" not only stood the test of criticism, but commanded the respect of the "boys," I say all that can be said.

Your touching obituary is appreciated by the comrades, who can but wish that so generous and accomplished a veteran

might have received more grateful attention from the people for whom he sacrificed so much. DARIUS COBB.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, *November 12, 1891.*

When I first met Capt. Kinsky he had already entered upon the last stage of his sufferings and the last year of his troubled existence. I had heard of his services to our country, of his terrible wounds, and of the strange neglect to pension this true hero, while hundreds of millions of dollars were being paid out to men for whom both disability and patriotic record had had to be constructed by politicians and claim agents.

The first glance at the man revealed how terrible had been his wounds—and what destruction had been wrought in the physical condition of that gallant officer, who had been spoken of in all his comrades' reminiscences, as remarkable for his faultless, soldierly carriage, his striking, manly beauty, his exquisite and alert grace of movement. In his eyes, however, large, dark and deep-set, glowed the fire that, in 1862, carried him irresistibly from his studies to the field where the American people's self-government was defending itself. The intelligent, clear-cut face, too, and the courtly, somewhat formal and polished language, spoke the gentleman and scholar.

Some months later I saw him once more, after the wounds that had so shockingly wrecked his body had been added to by wounds that lacerated his spirit with tenfold agony. The cheek was thinner and more sallow, the eye deeper set, the manners tortured with a nervousness, that, strong as was his trained power of self-repression, was now plainly beyond his control. It was in late Summer, and affectionate friends, (the family of a fellow soldier, who had through the newspapers only recently, such was his modesty and delicacy, learned of his return to America in distressed circumstances), had installed him in their spacious city house. An elevator that saved his

painful steps and every luxury of such a household, with domestics evidently proud and happy to be at "the Captain's" call, made him as comfortable as his pain-racked body and perturbed mind would allow. For he had just then received the final crushing blow of a lifetime of misfortune: the pension that had been looked forward to as the forlorn hope of his increasing weakness had been awarded, but was so pitifully small that all the plans were shattered that had been made to release him from daily toil and insure him a brief period of peace before the inevitably speedy end. Moreover, this meagre pension was made the occasion for stopping the nominal salary he had been receiving as an excellent copyist at the State House. Crying as was his need for physical comfort, the now utterly humiliated craving for moral recognition as a patriot who had deserved well of his adopted country, was plainly the bitterness hardest to bear. With all his weakness, he raged like a lion in the toils—not outwardly, not with any violence of behavior or any departure from his dignified manners and speech, but with a poignancy of anguish and despair that was all the more grievous to witness. A more harrowing tragedy it has never been my lot to be personally witness to, than this crushing of a once buoyant, manful heart under the weight of misfortune. Before I left him that August night, he had spoken to me with tender loyalty of his "dear mother," who happily had passed away before the complete discomfiture of this youthful dream of glory and chivalrous ambition in the new world was realized. When he returned to the United States crippled with wounds, received in this country's service, to find himself unknown and forgotten, the tale of sorrows became too much for words. He seated himself at the piano, and filled the empty house with sad and wonderful chords, played with a powerful and skilful hand. Presently he poured out his soul in a song finely rendered in his own tongue. It was his only relief, he said, this music of his native country.

His wounds were then and for some time had been such

that he could never lie down in a restful position; but he was found lying so, on his lounge, a few weeks later, his canes—laid aside forever now—beside him. He had found sleep at last, and sleep was never more restful and comforting.

E. H. CLEMENT.

My acquaintance with Captain Kinsky was a brief one, but among his many striking characteristics, none impressed me more than the triumphant quality of his faith in God. It pervaded his every thought and feeling, and seemed to ring out in the very tones of his voice, as well as in what he said when he talked about the many things that interested his strong and cultivated mind. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"—the devout, strong trust in divine succor and guidance,—was the solace of Captain Kinsky's suffering life and the secret of his great devotion.

L. B. P.

My acquaintance with Captain Lipp-Kinsky was only slight, but sufficient to reveal some of the remarkable traits of that unique and interesting man.

The first knowledge I had of him was through an invitation from Mrs. Walter Baker to attend a lecture upon Governor Andrew, which she had asked him to give at her house one evening in December, 1890.

Having heard the touching story of his life from her nephew, Major Horace P. Williams of Roxbury, she generously offered to aid him by opening her parlors, and inviting her friends to take tickets for the lecture.

Although I could not be present, I heard delightful reports of the lecture from many who listened to it. The Captain not only impressed his audience with his analytic insight into the character of our great war-governor, and his own fervent patriotism, but, being under the necessity of reading his paper in

a sitting posture, on account of his crippled condition, he brought every heart into the closest feeling of sympathy for himself as well as for his subject. And when, at the close he turned to his gracious hostess, who sat in an easy chair in the adjoining library, and paid her a tender tribute of respect and gratitude, he reached a climax, at once eloquent and chivalrous, to which every one present heartily responded.

Soon after, I called upon the Captain, at the State-House rooms, where he was employed, and introduced myself as Mrs. Baker's friend. He arose with the greatest politeness, and thanked me for finding him out. I told him I had heard such enthusiastic accounts of his lecture that I wanted to arrange for him to repeat it before our Grand Army Post, in the Town-Hall at Lexington. He readily consented to do so as soon as he should feel a little stronger. I then made a few inquiries about his own country, and we talked briskly together in German for a while.

It was not many days after that when I called again to convey the sad news of the death of his good Dorchester friend. He was profoundly moved, and spoke with almost filial affection of her kindness to him.

His offering at the funeral was, not flowers, (which seem to be the only token most of us ever think of sending at such a time,) but two broad ribbons—crimson and white, the colors of his own country—fastened together, and inscribed by his own hand with the Latin motto: "PER VIRTUTEM AD GLORIAM." He attended the service, and was deeply affected by it.

I saw but little of him after Mrs. Baker's death.

We thought best to defer the lecture at Lexington, and it was never given.

I count it a privilege to have known such a high-born, high-minded, and poetic nature as his. I said that he was not at home in America. Our atmosphere was too cold; our manners too commercial for his sensitive spirit. There could not have been many who understood him. His language was so

courteous as to seem extravagant to those who were too busy or too careless to think much of the amenities of life.

We cannot forget that this Slavic officer enlisted in our army, fought for us bravely, and received such terrible wounds as cost him his health and his patrimony during all the long, painful years that followed. Who of us can understand the agony which he must have endured in his lonely wanderings from one land to another in search of that strength which never returned to him? And when at last he reached Boston, how pathetic is the story that tells of his dire necessities, even here, where he had old friends who would willingly have helped him, had they only known of his straits.

We are glad now that some of them found him out before it was quite too late, and administered to him lovingly, filling his heart with joy during the last few months of his life, so that, when the summons came, he could go from a happy earthly home to his heavenly inheritance.

EDWARD G. PORTER.

Ashmont, Dorchester.

The subject of this sketch was a rare and unique personality. It would be impossible for one who knew him well to speak in measured terms of his character, and yet the strongest presentation falls short of full expression. His nature was so vivid and intense—he was so possessed of the “magnetic” quality in its truest sense—that he impressed all who came in contact with him as being distinctive and apart from average humanity. This influence extended to those who met him casually or knew him only in the social or business relation, and I had personal proof of the fact many times. It may be imagined, if he could thus impress comparative strangers, how strongly he must have influenced those who were admitted to his friendship and intimacy. Writing at this interval after his death, when it would seem as if time must have weakened

the partisan estimate of friendship; it yet seems to me that I never before fully recognized the strength and beauty of his character, and I am proud of the opportunity to bear tribute to his memory.

Others can speak of his military career, his literary attainments, his social qualities, but none can speak with greater authority of the *man*, his inner life, than the writer of these lines. I was his friend. But one other stood closer to him than I. It was my privilege to be in almost daily companionship with him during the last two years of his life—to share his darkest, gloomiest hours—to rejoice in the happiness that came to him at the last, that clothed his declining days with a blessing and a glory—bringing to him full, complete, if tardy, recompense for a lifetime of suffering and renunciation.

Our acquaintance began with his employment in a clerical capacity at the State House, in the service of one of the State Commissions. His marked individuality, courtly demeanor, and punctilious observance of the proprieties in his intercourse with others, in such striking contrast to the crudeness of manner or lack of manner of the average officeholder—his dignity and reserve, with the military erectness and alertness that always distinguished him, notwithstanding his physical disabilities—all combined to make him a noticeable figure to those who frequented the State Capital. But it was long before his story became known to those who met him in daily intercourse. All recognized his attainments, his breeding and culture, and vaguely wondered why he chanced to be in such an inferior grade of employment for one of his capacity; but that which made it a matter of justice and honor that his merit and desert should win recognition—the fact of his gallant military service and the real cause of his physical condition remained unknown for months.

Modestly declining to put forth any record of past services to secure consideration, desiring solely to be judged by the performance of the tasks assigned him, he strove in season and

out of season, by careful, intelligent and faithful attention to his duties, to attain a settled position with a modest salary—enough to enable him to preserve his independence and maintain himself with decency. Not an extravagant or ignoble ambition, and one easily gratified, it would be supposed. I can bear witness to his efforts—efforts, be it said to the shame of “official” human nature, that proved futile and utterly wasted on the whilom arbiter of his career. He, probably, suffered more humiliation and mental torture during these two years than any other period of his life. The subject is too painful to dwell upon. Enough to say that knowledge of the circumstances inspired feelings of shame and indignation in every one becoming cognizant of them. Here was a man, incapacitated from any employment that required physical activity, but in the prime of mental vigor, of brilliant attainments, scrupulously faithful, methodical and industrious in the discharge of his duties—a man who had given his best of youthful gallantry, enthusiasm and devotion in the service of his adopted country, bearing ever, proudly and gracefully, his “orders of distinction,” the canes that upbore his shattered body, those honorable emblems which should ever have won instant homage and consideration—a man who, twenty-seven years before, had trodden the corridors of the State House a respected and valued officer of the Commonwealth, a trusted friend and helper of the great War Governor. Yet in this man’s time of need, the old Commonwealth, of which we are so proud, could provide him no better reward, no more assured support, than the lowest salaried position within her gift. Truly “republics are ungrateful,” if merit, not influence, is the claim for guerdon.

It is not strange that the contrast here presented between desert and recompense, the sense of injustice and neglect, should have been the cause of bitterness and humiliation to a sensitive nature.

It was while he was passing through these experiences that

our friendship grew and was fostered to closest intimacy. His duties required constant consultation of the State Archives, and in that department I met him daily as long as he continued in the service of the State. The strong personal attraction of which I have spoken, drew me to him and inspired a warm liking and admiration for his character; and a certain congeniality of tastes and sympathies soon ripened this feeling into close friendship; but even friendship has its reserves—its reticences.

It was not until he had broken down under the combined mental and physical strain of his position and circumstances, when it was revealed that he had been unable to provide for himself the proper nourishment and sustenance needed to supply the drain upon his vitality from an open wound—it was not until then, when I sat by his bedside and witnessed his heroic patience and endurance; his consideration for others, even when racked with pain; his gratitude for the slightest service rendered him—that I learned to know and love him. Under such circumstances reserve and constraint are quickly dissipated. Our friendship became one of perfect trust and constancy. While he ever resented what seemed to him mere curiosity on the part of those indifferent to him, to those who won his friendship he gave himself utterly without reserve. He confided to me the romantic story of his life—its ideals, its aspirations, its defeats. The story possessed the tragic element to a greater degree than any I have ever known. Fate seemed to have marked its hero out for a destiny apart from other men, where all its baffling and untoward circumstance should but serve to develop his exceptionally fine and noble character.

It speaks volumes for the mingled strength and sweetness of that character that it was not interpenetrated with bitterness and revolt. He might with justice have railed at "the blind Fates who rule the world," but never was there man who rested with more simple, absolute faith in the goodness of

God—who believed more sincerely “He doeth all things well” His religion was not mere formal observance or acceptance of rite or creed. It was a strong, deep and abiding faith. He lived it every day of his life. His was not an obtrusive goodness that repels even while it extorts respect. He was intensely human, keenly alive to sentiment and feeling and swayed by the deeper emotions to a marked degree. He had great power of indignation under provocation, but I never knew any one so scrupulously careful and considerate of the feelings of others. He possessed a rare high-mindedness that so manifested itself in the smallest details of the daily conduct of living that it would have been impossible to imagine him capable of a mean, petty or vulgar action. His personal disappointments and sufferings seemed to have rendered him tenfold more tender and unselfish than other men, and the misfortune of others elicited in him quick and responsive sympathy. He delighted in giving pleasure to others. There was not a fellow clerk in his department who had not experienced at his hands some pleasant little attention, courtesy or service, of a personal nature, done with so much grace of manner and kindly thoughtfulness as to warm the heart of the recipient. No one ever rendered him the slightest service without receiving such fulness of gratitude and thankfulness as to enfold the giver with the sense of a benediction. Though an aristocrat by birth and breeding he was a democrat by habit and sympathy, and never failed to render marked courtesy and attention to his inferiors. He was proud, but with the pride of a noble self-respect that would not permit him to barter his individuality or independence at any price, or seek preferment through any other channel than that of merit.

Bearing with him the daily burden of incessant pain, chafing under the restraint imposed upon an ardent and energetic temperament by a cruel physical disability, harassed by a sense of injustice and neglect, intensified by the accompaniment of needless humiliations, he yet rose superior to these

influences and bore himself in daily intercourse with a cheerfulness and gayety of manner that was simply marvellous. His spirit was indomitable, unquenchable. To those who did not know him, my words may seem extravagant. They are the soberest statement of facts I can present of the man it was my proud privilege to call my friend. He stands forth to me as the noblest character and the finest exemplar of that much abused term—gentleman—that I have ever known.

His life was a failure from a material point of view. But to those who do not consider mere worldly success as the supreme end of life, this record of a beautiful and noble character will appeal with touching force. He was an idealist. As such, by the law of his nature, he was bound to suffer in contact with the purely material side of existence. The peculiar beauty of his character is that he remained true to his ideals to the last, while lifelong combatting an adverse fate and repeated shocks of ill-fortune that would have overwhelmed a weaker soul. And from the strife was evolved the rare personality to which this little group of friends bear loving tribute in this memorial volume. Deterioration is more facile than progression in the spiritual life. But he surmounted triumphantly all difficulties, "passing onward from height to height." It is not given to us to know or see wherefore by some mysterious dispensation one so richly gifted with all the natural qualities to secure happiness should have been made to drain the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, to know all sorrows. But for him there *must* be recompense. For those who held him dear and enshrine his memory in their hearts, there is the ever present sense of a shining example—an influence "that maketh for righteousness," radiating in ever-widening circles till no man can see the limit nor the end thereof. "So he hath not died, but liveth."

J. J. TRACY.

Boston, April 1, 1892.

“ What wouldst thou have a good, great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a golden chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man?—three treasures, love and light
And calm thoughts, regular as an infant's breath,—
And three firm friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death ? ”

Coleridge.

FINIS.

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Dear Judge M^r Intere

The little book about Mr. Lipp has interested me very much as it carries me back to my childhood.

It certainly verifies the saying about the untruthfulness of history and sometimes biography too, for the very first page is full of inaccuracies.

I often heard Mr. Lipp say that he graduated at the University of Bonn, which seemed odd to me as Bonn is not in Austria.

Here we are told that he graduated at the
"University Caroline & Pasquier" my husband never
heard of that "University" - Then he graduated at
the Military Academy of Vienna, perhaps this
means Wiener-Hochschule. The course there is
six years and no one graduates higher than
an ensign. It is impossible that he could
have been an engineer lieutenant at nineteen
and breveted major!

As to his fortune mentioned on the passport
and on p. 8. I never knew of it. When he lived
in Buxton 1861-2 he was 20 years old but he often
came to my grandfather to get a full meal and
lodging, and my uncle and Mrs. Gordon White
largely clothed him. Is it true that while in
the army with you he never took his pay?
At that time he was largely in debt.

Mr. White was anxious to have him in Europe after the war and asked my husband to look him up. He found there was no Kinsey office in the army back as far as 1847 where his friend in the War Office searched for him except one who was cautioned and for thirty years for poisoning his wife and his name was Ludwig, and he was too old for Mr. Lipp.

That he could even have served in the "General Staff" of the Austro-Hungarian Army is an impossibility, see p. 10.

At the same time that all these inconsistencies are in the book there is much that is true. I think that he had a strong faith and high ideals. He certainly was more religious than most young men of today. I remember hearing him say that he was trained by

Jesuit Fathers and that he was persecuted by them because he was a Protestant. I never remember hearing how or when or why he left the Church in which he had been brought up -

He certainly was an interesting character especially in those days when we met so few foreigners.

Please excuse this hasty scrawl, I am just leaving Cambridge for some months. I hope that you will have a pleasant summer and feel better in the Autumn.

My regards to the young ladies

Sincerely yours

Mary Isabelle de Gogoldi.

